

## **Girl On Film** by **chancyandjumbled**

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Drama, Romance

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jonathan B., Nancy W.

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2017-11-13 11:22:01

**Updated:** 2017-11-13 11:22:01

**Packaged:** 2019-12-17 04:51:53

**Rating:** K+

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,230

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** A collection of moments: some fill in the gaps, others slightly alter the way things happened. Jonathan & Nancy in Season One and will continue into the Finale of Season Two.

## Girl On Film

"We don't know that," Nancy lets out a shaky breath and stares off in anxious thought.

Jonathan turns over on his side instinctively to comfort her. A rush of nerves ripples through his stomach and across his chest at the prospect of touching her like this. Should he hold her? Hold her hand? He wonders if she feels it too; this intangible thing between them that seems to keep building and building up. But towards what? This scenario before him was both a horrible nightmare and his deepest fantasy tied up in one. He didn't know what was real anymore.

In spite of all of the stark contrasts between the two, he felt a closeness- a sameness- with Nancy that he hadn't with anyone else. Nancy was witty, smart, and selfless. She was a good girl, but also so much more than that. She has grit! This was something he was confident Nancy had only revealed to him, particularly in the way she handled herself in the woods.

Nancy's hands have released their grip from her covers and her arm absentmindedly moves closer to Jonathan, her fingertips only centimeters from making contact with him. Jonathan resists from touching her, afraid to scare her away after managing to grow closer than they'd ever been.

A heavy silence falls between the two teens as the reality of the night sets in. She was right. They could not be certain that the creature couldn't harm them in Nancy's room. Suddenly, her voice rings through the room.

"Jonathan?"

"Yeah?"

"Can you tell me something?" She abruptly turns on her right side, now facing Jonathan. Her dark blue eyes are filled with worry. She scrunches her eyebrows together.

"Like what?"

"Something...anything. Anything to get my mind off of that awful thing so maybe we can get to sleep tonight."

Jonathan's dark eyes dart back and forth as he tries to recall a memory to distract her. A minute passes before he hesitantly begins.

"Do you remember the first time we met?" He isn't sure what provoked this thought, but perhaps he partially wanted to know if she remembered. The last week they spent together had stirred up the past for him, in good ways and in bad.

Nancy's mouth turns up in the corners as she pauses to think.

"First time I saw you or first time we spoke to each other?" she asks for clarification.

"Spoke, officially met, I guess?" he replies nervously.

"Uh, that time we walked Mike and Will to Pizza Palace because your mom," she pauses and resumes gently, "your mom was devastated from the divorce and you all came over to my house while your dad packed his stuff. Our moms were getting wine drunk, so we all snuck out the back." Nancy lets out a breathy laugh.

"We were in eighth grade and even then we knew how to spot a shit show in the making," she laughs more freely this time.

"Seventh," Jonathan corrects her with a sly grin.

"No!"

"It was definitely Seventh Grade. That was the year I went through my Fleetwood Mac phase. And it was the year we had the same study hall. Trust me." He feels heat rush to his face.

Nancy chooses to take mercy on Jonathan and engage one part of his confession over the other.

"Fleetwood Mac? Mr. I-listen-to- Nick-Cave-and-The-Clash was singing "Dreams" into his hairbrush?"

"I was more of a "The Chain" kind of guy, thank you very much," he quips back, falling into an easy laughter with her.

"Do you remember how we made Will and Mike sit in that wagon the whole ride there?" Jonathan recalls out loud.

Nancy busts out in laughter again and reaches out involuntarily to grab Jonathan's forearm.

"We told them that our moms had put down invisible landmines on the sidewalks and we would blow up if they stepped foot out of that stupid wagon!" Nancy manages to say between hysterics. "I still remember them being so quiet and scared! Will started crying!"

"We just wanted them to shut up and not wander off so we could get some pizza," Jonathan replies. He raises one eyebrow suggestively "And if I do recall, Ms. Wheeler, it was all your idea."

"And if I remember correctly, you didn't stop us," she challenges him with a wiggle of her own eyebrow.

"When the most beautiful girl you've ever known tells you you're going on a mission, you accept it, no questions asked."

Before the gravity of his comment can set in, Jonathan adds, "Plus, we knew we could trust you. When we first met, you walked me and Will to your room and drew us a map of..."

"Secret passages into my house. In case your dad ever came back and you got scared," she smiles slightly and closes her eyes. She tightens her grip on Jonathan's arm and he hardly notices from the intensity of the moment they're sharing.

"I hate that things got so messed up after that time," Nancy laments quietly.

"Me too."

"We never really talked much after that day. I let what everyone thought about me control my life. You were right about what you said today- I am going to end up like my parents."

For the first time that evening, Nancy raises her gaze to lock eyes with Jonathan. He lets out a deep breath.

"No. I was angry, I don't actually think that's true. People who go hunt monsters in the woods to find their best friend are anything but ordinary. You're caring. Heck, you talk to me. I was just being a jerk because..."

"Hm?" Nancy asks, but she can sense the answer before it's out of his mouth.

"Steve."

"Oh."

"Yeah."

They both pause, searching the other's face for a sign, for something.

"Earlier, uh when I asked you about seeing or meeting?" Nancy begins.

"Yeah?"

"I...I think I remember seeing you before actually talking to you," Nancy remarks innocently.

"Really?"

"We were in fifth grade at the Prehistoric Museum in Indianapolis. I remember seeing you reading each exhibit so intently. You were concentrating so hard on everything. And you bought my friend, Amy, a Coke because she lost her money on the bus. You had a dark green backpack."

"Huh, look who's the stalker now," Jonathan teases, incredibly pleased and in shock at Nancy's memory.

"Let's not compare a fifth grader observing her classmate to taking pictures of a half-naked girl, shall we?"

"Good point," Jonathan agrees and looks away nervously.

"Jonathan?"

"Yes?"

"Maybe things can be different after this is all over."

"How so?"

"We could hang out, me and you," Nancy quickly qualifies, "or bring our brothers for pizza."

"Only if we bring the wagon," Jonathan jokes

"Thank you," Nancy murmurs peacefully, slowly closing her eyes.

"For what?"

"Helping me get my mind off of things. I almost forgot everything that happened for a little while."

Nancy loosens her grip on Jonathan's arm and slides her hand slowly down to his wrist and then to his hand. She laces her fingers through his without a word. They both become lost in their own thoughts before drifting to sleep.